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A

SHAKESPEARE

SONG-INDEX

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AN INDEX

TO THE

SONGS, SNATCHES, & PASSAGES

IN

SHAKESPEARE

WHICH HAVE BEEN SET TO MUSIC

COMPILED BY

H. KELSEY WHITE

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NOTE.

THE accompanying trifle is published in the hope that it may supply what has been felt by the compiler to be a desideratum not only to students and lovers of Shakespeare but also to all who are interested in the wedding of appropriate melodies to 'immortal verse.' It should, at any rate, serve to indicate at once the extent of the poet's lyrical power and the wonderful attraction which the intrinsic music of his verse has had for the artist who seeks to 'all-express' himself in the ordered succession of harmonious sounds.

Not all the songs and snatches here given, it may be remarked, have been set to music, but for information as to the composers, &c., of the majority of those which have been so treated the reader is referred to *A List of all the Songs and Passages in Shakspeare which have been set to Music*, edited by F. J. Furnivall and W. G. Stone : New Shakspeare Society's Publications, Series viii. Miscellanies, No. 3.

H. K. W.

An Index to the Songs, Snatches, and Passages in Shakespeare which have been set to music.

[N.B.—The references are to the *Globe* edition of the poet's works.]

I. PLAYS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| A cup of wine that's brisk and fine | <i>II Henry IV.</i> , V. iii. 48. |
| A fox, when one has caught her | <i>Lear</i> , I. iv. 340. |
| All that glisters is not gold | <i>Merch. of Venice</i> , II. vii. 65. |
| A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind | <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> , IV. iii. 334. |
| And I to Ford shall eke unfold | <i>Merry Wives</i> , I. iii. 105. |
| And let me the canakin clink, clink | <i>Othello</i> , II. iii. 71. |
| And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John | <i>II Henry IV.</i> , V. iii. 107. |
| And will he not come again? | <i>Hamlet</i> , IV. v. 190. |
| An old hare hoar | <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , II. iv. 141. |
| Art thou god to shepherd turned | <i>As You Like It</i> , IV. iii. 40. |
| 'As by lot, God wot' | <i>Hamlet</i> , II. ii. 435. |
| 'A tedious brief scene of young
Pyramus and his love Thisbe'
(lines and songs therefrom) | <i>Mid.-Night's Dream</i> , V. i. |
| Be as thou wast wont to be | <i>Mid.-Night's Dream</i> , IV. i. 74. |
| Before the time I did Lysander see | " " I. i. 204. |
| Before you can say 'come' and 'go' | <i>Tempest</i> , IV. i. 44. |
| Be merry, be merry, my wife has all | <i>II Henry IV.</i> , V. iii. 35. |
| Be thy mouth or black or white | <i>Lear</i> , III. vi. 69. |
| 'Black spirits and white' [stage
direction] | <i>After Macbeth</i> , IV. i. 43. |
| Blow, blow, thou winter wind | <i>As You Like It</i> , II. vii. 174. |
| 'But I will never die' | <i>Twelfth Night</i> , II. iii. 115. |
| But shall I go mourn for that, my
dear? | <i>Winter's Tale</i> , IV. iii. 15. |
| By the simplicity of Venus' doves | <i>Mid.-Night's Dream</i> , I. i. 171. |
| Captain of our fairy band | " " III. ii. 110. |

- Cesario, by the roses of the Spring . *Twelfth Night*, III. i. 161.
 Child Rowland to the dark tower *Lear*, III. iv. 188.
 came
 'Come away, come away' [stage After *Macbeth*, III. v. 33.
 direction]
 Come away, come away, death *Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 52.
 Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me . *Lear*, III. vi. 27.
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites *Macbeth*, IV. i. 127.
 Come, thou monarch of the vine *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. vii. 120.
 Come unto these yellow sands *Tempest*, I. ii. 376.
- Did not the heavenly rhetoric of { (i.) *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 60.
 thine eye { (ii.) *The Passionate Pilgrim*, iii. 1.
 Do me right *II Henry IV.*, V. iii. 77.
 Done to death by slanderous tongues *Much Ado*, V. iii. 3.
 Do nothing but eat, and make good *II Henry IV.*, V. iii. 18.
 cheer
 Doubt that the stars are fire *Hamlet*, II. ii. 116.
- Fairy king, attend and mark *Mid.-Night's Dream*, IV. i. 97.
 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 109.
 needs be gone'
 Farewell, master, farewell, farewell *Tempest*, II. ii. 182.
 Fathers that wear rags . . . *Lear*, II. iv. 48.
 Fear no more the heat o' the sun . *Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 258.
 Fie on sinful fantasy! . . . *Merry Wives*, V. v. 97.
 Fill the cup, and let it come . . *II Henry IV.*, V. iii. 56.
 Flout 'em and scout 'em . . . *Tempest*, III. ii. 130.
 Flower of this purple dye . . . *Mid.-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 102.
 Fools had ne'er less wit in a year *Lear*, I. iv. 181.
 For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy *Hamlet*, IV. v. 187.
 For do but note a wild and wanton *Merch. of Venice*, V. i. 71.
 herd
 For I the ballad will repeat . . *All's Well*, I. iii. 64.
 For thou dost know, O Damon dear *Hamlet*, III. ii. 292.
 From the east to western Ind . . *As You Like It*, III. ii. 93.
 Full fathom five thy father lies . *Tempest*, I. ii. 396.
 Full merrily the humble-bee doth *Troilus and Cressida*, V. x. 42.
 sing
 Get you hence, for I must go . . *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 303.
- Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's *Cymbeline*, II. iii. 21.
 gate sings

- Have I caught ' thee, ' my heavenly jewel? ' *Merry Wives*, III. iii. 45.
- Have more than thou showest . *Lear*, I. iv. 131.
- Health to my sovereign . *II Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 81.
- ' Heart's ease, heart's ease ' . *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. v. 102.
- He that has and a little tiny wit . *Lear*, III. ii. 74.
- He that keeps nor crust nor crumb . " I. iv. 217.
- ' Hey, Robin, jolly Robin ' . *Twelfth Night*, IV. ii. 78.
- Hinder not my course . *Two Gent. of Ver.*, II. vii. 33.
- ' His eyes do show his days are almost done ' *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 112.
- ' Hold thy peace, thou knave ' . " " II. iii. 68.
- Honour, riches, marriage-blessing . *Tempest*, IV. i. 106.
- How should I your true love know *Hamlet*, IV. v. 23.
- How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank ! *Mer. of Ven.*, V. i. 54.
- I am gone, sir . . . *Twelfth Night*, IV. ii. 130.
- If a hart do lack a hind . . . *As You Like It*, III. ii. 107.
- If I profane with my unworthiest hand *Romeo and Juliet*, I. v. 95.
- If it do come to pass . . . *As You Like It*, II. v. 52.
- If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ? *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. 109.
- If music be the food of love, play on *Twelfth Night*, I. i. 1.
- If she be made of white and red . *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. ii. 104.
- If we shadows have offended . *Mid.-Night's Dream*, V. i. 430.
- I know a bank where the wild thyme blows . . . " " II. i. 249.
- I may command where I adore . *Twelfth Night*, II. v. 115.
- In such a night as this . . . *Mer. of Venice*, V. i. 1.
- In youth, when I did love, did love. *Hamlet*, V. i. 69.
- I shall no more to sea, to sea . *Tempest*, II. ii. 44.
- It was a lover and his lass . . . *As You Like It*, V. iii. 17.
- It was the friar of orders grey . *Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i. 148.
- ' Jack, boy ! ho ! boy ! ' . . . " " IV. i. 43.
- Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way . *Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 132.
- Jove knows I love . . . *Twelfth Night*, II. v. 107.
- King Stephen was a worthy peer . *Othello*, II. iii. 92.
- Knocks go and come : God's vassals drop and die *Henry V.*, III. ii. 8.

- Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear *Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii. 107.
- Lawn as white as driven snow . *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 220.
- [Lo,]* night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast *Mid-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 379.
- 'Love like a shadow flies when substance Love pursues' *Merry Wives*, II. ii. 215.
- Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind *Mid-Night's Dream*, I. i. 234.
- Love, love, nothing but love, still more ! *Troilus and Cressida*, III. i. 125.
- Make me a willow cabin at your gate *Twelfth Night*, I. v. 287.
- Nay, by Saint Jamy . . . *Taming of the Shrew*, III. i. 84.
- No more dams I'll make for fish . *Tempest*, II. ii. 184.
- No more, thou thunder-master, show *Cymbeline*, V. iv. 30.
- Now does my project gather to a head *Tempest*, V. i. 1.
- Now . . . I flamed amazement . . . " I. ii. 196-8.
- Now the hungry lion roars . *Mid-Night's Dream*, V. i. 378.
- Now, until the break of day . . . " " V. i. 408.
- O, for my beads ! I cross me for a sinner *Comedy of Errors*, II. ii. 190.
- O happy fair ! Your eyes are lode-stars *Mid-Night's Dream*, I. i. 182.
- 'O, heart, heavy heart' . . . *Troilus and Cressida*, IV. iv. 17.
- O, how this spring of love resembleth *Two Gent. of Ver.*, I. iii. 84.
- O mistress mine, where are you roaming ? *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 40.
- On a day—alack the day !— { (i.) *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 101.
(ii.) *The Pass. Pilgrim*, xvii. 1.
[*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.*]
- 'One fair daughter, and no more' . *Hamlet*, II. ii. 426.
- 'O, no, no, no, no, you dare not' . *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 121.
- On the ground Sleep sound . *Mid-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 448.
- Orpheus with his lute made trees . *Henry VIII.*, III. i. 3.
- O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver . *As You Like It*, III. iii. 101.
- 'O, the twelfth day of December' . *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 90.
- Over hill, over dale . . . *Mid-Night's Dream*, II. i. 2.

* 'For' (Sh.)

- Pardon, goddess of the night . . . *Much Ado*, V. iii. 12.
 Peace, ho ! I bar confusion . . . *As You Like It*, V. iv. 131.
- Round about the cauldron go . . . *Macbeth*, IV. i. 4.
- Saint Withold footed thrice the 'old *Lear*, III. iv. 125.
 'Shall I bid him go?' . . . *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 118.
 ['Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'] . . . " " II. iii. 120.]
 She never told her love . . . " " II. iv. 113.
 * [Should he upbraid, I'll own that *Tam. of the Shrew*, II. i. 171.
 he prevail]
- Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more *Much Ado*, II. iii. 64.
 Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shep- *Lear*, III. vi. 43.
 herd?
- So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 26.
 not
- Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal *Romeo and Juliet*, V. iii. 12.
 bed I strew
- Take, O, take those lips away . . . *Measure for Measure*, IV. i. 1.
 Tell me where is fancy bred . . . *Mer. of Venice*, III. ii. 63.
 That sir which serves and seeks for *Lear*, II. iv. 79.
 gain
- That very time I saw, but thou *Mid.-Night's Dream*, II. i. 155.
 couldst not
- The cloud-capp'd towers, the *Tempest*, IV. i. 152.
 gorgeous palaces
- The cod-piece that will house . . . *Lear*, III. ii. 27.
 The fire seven times tried this . . . *Mer. of Venice*, II. ix. 63.
 The fox, the ape and the humble-bee *Love's Labour's Lost*, III. i. 86.
 The god of love, That sits above . . . *Much Ado*, V. ii. 26.
 The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo *Lear*, I. iv. 235.
 so long
- The master, the swabber, the boat- *Tempest*, II. ii. 48.
 swain and I
- Then is there mirth in heaven . . . *As You Like It*, V. iv. 114.
 Then they for sudden joy did weep *Lear*, I. iv. 191.
 The ousel cock so black of hue . . . *Mid.-Night's Dream*, III. i. 128.
 The poor soul sat sighing by a *Othello*, IV. iii. 41.
 sycamore tree

* Altered from the speech beginning, 'Say that she rail.' The words of the song of which Sir H. R. Bishop is the composer, will be found in the vol. referred to in the prefatory 'Note.'

- | | |
|--|---|
| 'There dwelt a man in Babylon,
lady, lady!' | <i>Twelfth Night</i> , II. iii. 84. |
| They bore him barefaced on the bier | <i>Hamlet</i> , IV. v. 164. |
| Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it | <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> , IV. i. 127. |
| 'Thou knave' [ref.] | <i>Twelfth Night</i> , II. iii. 67. |
| 'Three merry men be we' | <i>Twelfth Night</i> , II. iii. 81. |
| Through the forest have I gone | <i>Mid-Night's Dream</i> , II. ii. 66. |
| To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day | <i>Hamlet</i> , IV. v. 48. |
| To shallow rivers, to whose falls | <i>Merry Wives</i> , III. i. 17.* |
| Under the greenwood tree | <i>As You Like It</i> , II. v. 1. |
| Up and down, up and down | <i>Mid-Night's Dream</i> , III. ii. 396. |
| Was this fair face the cause, quoth
she | <i>All's Well</i> , I. iii. 74. |
| Wedding is Great Juno's crown | <i>As You Like It</i> , V. iv. 147. |
| 'What an if you do?' | <i>Twelfth Night</i> , II. iii. 119. |
| What shall he have that killed the
deer? | <i>As You Like It</i> , IV. ii. 11. |
| What thou seest when thou dost
wake | <i>Mid-Night's Dream</i> , II. ii. 27. |
| When daffodils begin to peer | <i>Winter's Tale</i> , IV. iii. 1. |
| When daisies pied and violets blue | <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> , V. ii. 904. |
| 'When griping grief the heart doth
wound' | <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , IV. v. 128. |
| When icicles hang by the wall | <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> , V. ii. 922. |
| When priests are more in word than
matter | <i>Lear</i> , III. ii. 81. |
| When shall we three meet again? | <i>Macbeth</i> , I. i. 1. |
| When that I was and a little tiny boy | <i>Twelfth Night</i> , V. i. 398. |
| Where is the life that late I led | { (i.) <i>Taming of the Shrew</i> , IV. i. 143.
(ii.) <i>II Henry IV.</i> , V. iii. 147. |
| Where the bee sucks, there suck I | <i>Tempest</i> , V. i. 88. |
| While you here do snoring lie | „ II. i. 300. |
| Who doth ambition shun | <i>As You Like It</i> , II. v. 40. |
| Who is Silvia? what is she. | <i>Two Gent. of Verona</i> , IV. ii. 39. |
| Why, let the stricken deer go weep. | <i>Hamlet</i> , III. ii. 282. |
| Why should this a desert be? | <i>As You Like It</i> , III. ii. 1 3. |
| Will you buy any tape | <i>Winter's Tale</i> , IV. iv. 322. |
| Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet
near day | <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , III. v. 1. |

* See also *The Passionate Pilgrim* [xx] l. 359 (*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*).

- Wilt thou have music? hark ! Apollo *Taming of the Shrew, Ind. ii. 37.*
 plays
 Wind away, Begone, I say . . . *As You Like It, III. iii. 105.*
 Yet but three? Come one more . . . *Mid.-Night's Dream, III. ii. 437.*
 You must sing a-down a-down . . . *Hamlet, IV. v. 170.*
 You spotted snakes with double *Mid.-Night's Dream, II. ii. 9.*
 tongue
 You sunburnt sicklemen, of August *Tempest, IV. i. 134.*
 weary
 You that choose not by the view . . . *Mer. of Venice, III. ii. 132.*

II. POEMS.

- Against my love shall be, as I am *Sonnet lxiii. 1.*
 now
 Alas, 'tis true I have been here and , , cx. 1.
 there
 Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as *Venus and Adonis, l. 199.*
 steel
 *As it fell upon a day . . . *Pass. Pilgrim, [xxi.] 1.*
[Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.]
 Beauty is but a vain and doubtful *Pass. Pilgrim, xiii. 1.*
 good
 Bid me discourse, I will enchant *Venus and Adonis, l. 145.*
 thine ear
 Clear wells spring not . . . *Pass. Pilgrim, [xviii.] (3rd pt.).*
[Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.]
 †[Come] live with me, and be my *Pass. Pilgrim, [xx.] 1.*
 love *[Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.]*
 Crabbed age and youth cannot live *Pass. Pilgrim, xii. 1.*
 together
 Even as the sun with purple-colour'd *Venus and Adonis, l. 1.*
 face

* By Richard Barnfield. See his *Poems* (p. 120), ed. by Edward Arber (*The English Scholar's Library*).

† By Christopher Marlowe : *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*.

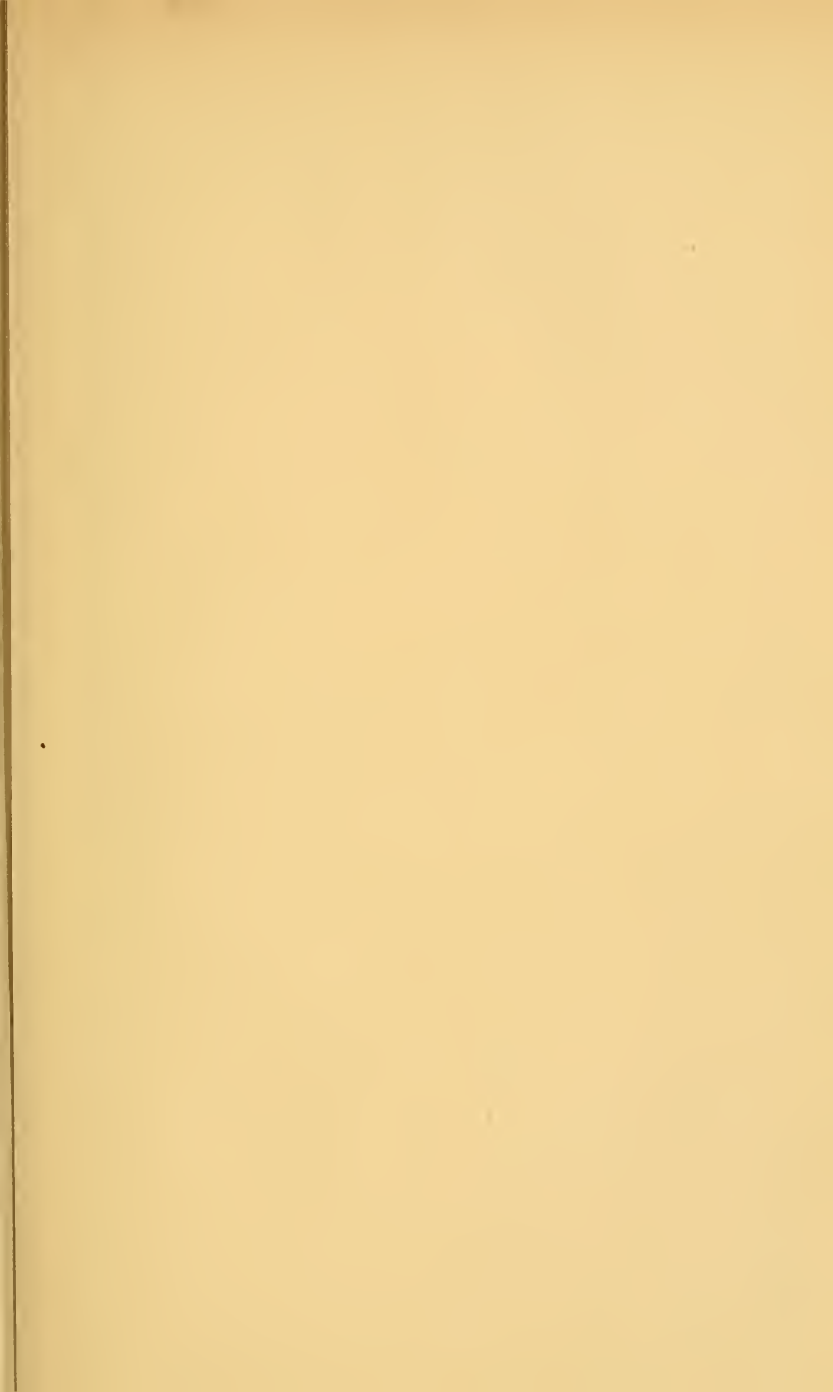
- Fair is my love, but not so fair as *Pass. Pilgrim*, vii. 1.
fickle
- Farewell ! thou art too dear for my *Sonnet lxxxvii.* 1.
possessing
- Full many a glorious morning have *Sonnet xxxiii.* 1.
I seen
- Good night, good rest *Pass. Pilgrim*, xiv. 1.
- How like a winter hath my absence *Sonnet xcvi.* 1.
been
- If love have lent you twenty thousand *Venus and Adonis*, l. 775.
tongues
- * If music and sweet poetry agree *Pass. Pilgrim*, viii. 1.
- If there be nothing new, but that *Sonnet lix.* 1.
which is
- In black mourn I *Pass. Pilgrim*, [xviii.] (2nd pt.).
[*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.*]
- It was a lordling's daughter, the *Pass. Pilgrim*, [xvi.] 1.
fairest one of three [*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.*]
- Let me not to the marriage of true *Sonnet cxvi.* 1.
minds
- Let those who are in favour with „ xxv. 1.
their stars
- Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of *Venus and Adonis*, l. 853.
rest
- Lo ! in the orient when the gracious *Sonnet vii.* 1.
light
- My flocks feed not *Pass. Pilgrim*, [xviii.] (1st pt.).
[*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.*]
- No longer mourn for me when I am *Sonnet lxxi.* 1.
dead
- No, Time, thou shalt not boast that „ cxxiii. 1.
I do change
- O, how much more doth beauty „ liv. 1.
beauteous seem

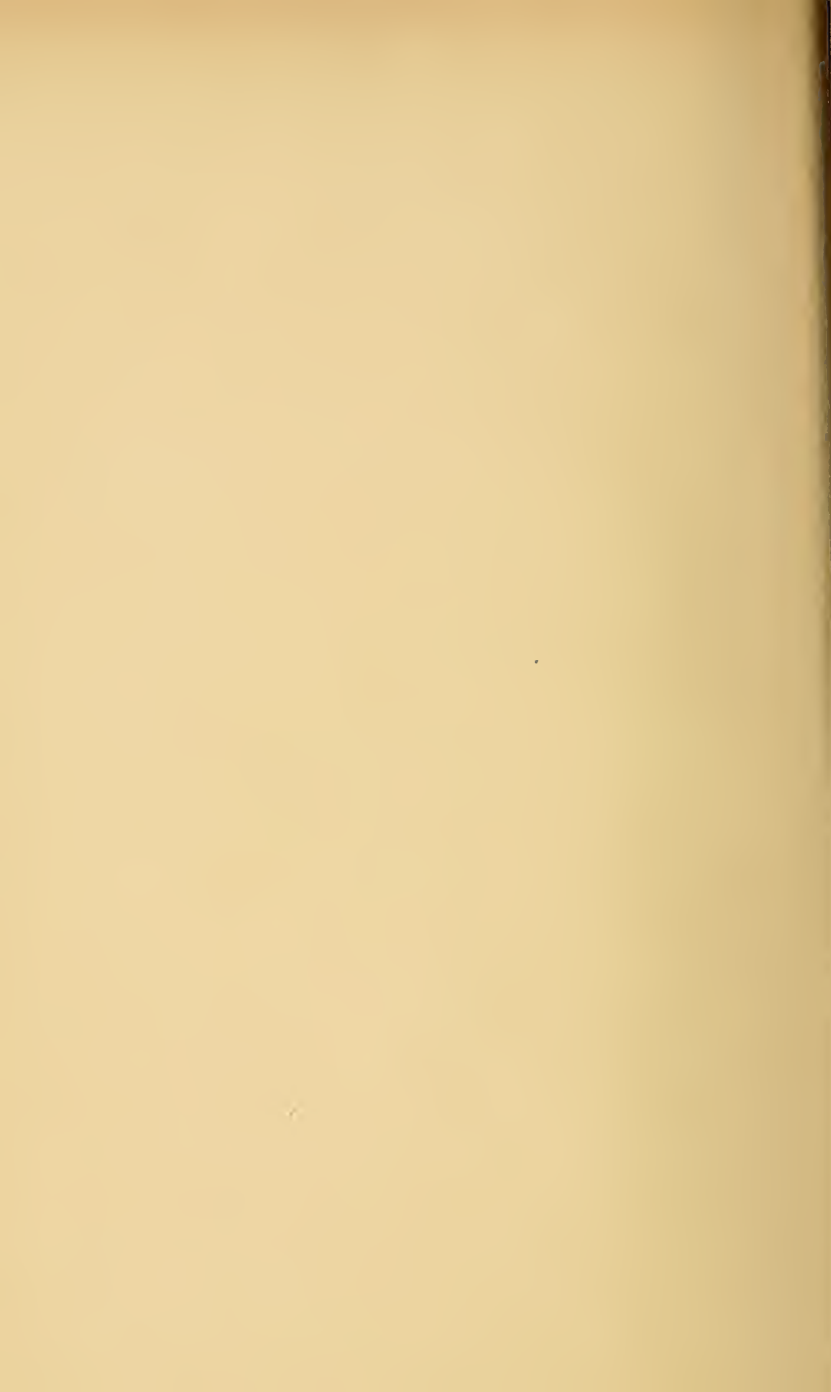
* By Richard Barnfield. See his *Poems* (p. 118), ed. by Edward Arber (*The English Scholar's Library*).

- O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head *Sonnet cxlvi. 1.*
- O, never say that I was false of heart „ cix. 1.
- Or I shall live your epitaph to make „ lxxxi. 1.
- [Say tho' you strive]* to steal [your] self away * „ xcii. 1.
- Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ? „ xviii. 1.
- Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness „ xcvi. 1.
- Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded *Pass. Pilgrim, x. 1.*
- Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all *Sonnet xl. 1.*
- That god forbid that made me first your slave „ lviii. 1.
- That time of year thou mayst in me behold „ lxxiii. 1.
- Then let not winter's ragged hand deface „ vi. 1.
- Those hours, that with gentle work did frame „ v. 1.
- 'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore *Lucrece, l. 1114.*
- To see his face the lion walked along *Venus and Adonis, l. 1093.*
- Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed *Sonnet xxvii. 1.*
- When I have seen the hungry ocean gain „ lxiv. 5.
- When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes „ xxix. 1.
- Without the bed her other fair hand was *Lucrece, l. 393.*

* Altered from " But do thy worst to steal thyself away."

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